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1. Poetry, Religious-Collections.
2. Affliction-Comfort.

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LYRA CONSOLATIONIS

<sup>a</sup>  
Hernandez  
NAEM



57 m 20

# Lyra Consolationis

FROM THE

*Poets of the Seventeenth, Eighteenth  
and Nineteenth Centuries*

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN  
1

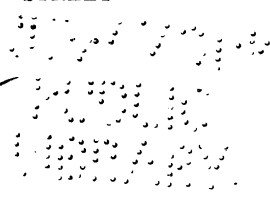
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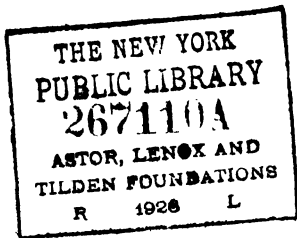
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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1890

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## PREFACE

THIS selection of verse is designed to comfort mourners from the first hours of their bereavement, by leading those over whom the sky is darkening, to the Cross and Grave of our great Forerunner, that so they may look onward to His glorious victory over death, and to that final restitution of all things which involves eternal reunion with our beloved in Him. Therefore, it is based on those clauses of the Apostles' Creed in which the Church confesses her belief in her Lord's Crucifixion, Death, and Burial ; in His Resurrection, Ascension, and Coming again.

In order to follow out this plan, it has not always been possible to select verses of the highest literary merit, as, above all things, the sequence of ideas had to be carried on. Poets for the last three centuries have been laid under contribution, but only where their writings fell in with the design of the book ; and the compiler earnestly begs those who may be called upon to criticize her work, to bear this in mind when they are inclined to take exception either to insertions or omissions which may appear to them undesirable.

The compiler offers grateful thanks to all who have helped her : to the publishers and authors who have kindly granted her permission to insert hymns and poems, and whom she would be pleased to thank individually did space permit. But chiefly

she desires to express her gratitude to the Rev. John Ellerton, who has generously afforded her the aid of his critical and literary experience, as well as allowed the insertion of several favourite hymns.

The somewhat unusual course of inserting a very few French and German pieces in the original will perhaps commend itself to persons who can appreciate their beauty. "Wohlauf, wohlan," entitled "The Last Journey," is a hymn intended to be sung as the body is borne to its last resting-place, and no translation is able adequately to render the force and charm of the original German.

May the little book be blessed to the consolation of Christian mourners, guiding them through the valley of tears and the night of sorrow, and strengthening them

to wait in joyful hope for the time when  
"sorrow and sighing shall flee away," and  
the

"Day which knows no evening"

shall dawn upon the everlasting hills.

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## DEATH.

**"He was crucified, dead, and buried,  
He descended into hell."**

*"Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury.*

*"Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid.*

*"There laid they Jesus."—S. JOHN xix. 40, 41, 42.*

*"To day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."—S. LUKE xxiii. 43.*

*"Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:*

*"And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."—S. JOHN xi. 25, 26.*

*"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:*

*"And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:*

*"Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."—JOB xix. 25, 26, 27.*

*"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. xii. 23.*

## *OUR FORERUNNER.*

### CALVARY.

To Calvary ascending  
With Jesus let us go,  
Beneath the shadow bending  
Of all His mighty woe :  
The Chief of our salvation  
Should we not follow nigh,  
With all His tribulation,  
In all His death to die ?

The rereward's faint wayfarer  
Must stagger with his load,  
Where still the standard-bearer  
Leads up the mountain road ;

*LYRA CONSOLATIONIS.*

Wrung out from life's affliction,  
Death has no bitter cup  
So sharp, but crucifixion  
Has brimmed its sorrows up.

Dost fear the pangs of dying  
When Death has poised his dart?  
See ! all those arrows flying  
Are gathered in His Heart ;  
A moist wind gently sighing  
Is now that furnace blast :  
Death, in His bitter crying  
Thy bitterness is past !

HENRY KYNASTON, *from the Latin.*

THE TOMB.

CHRIST, Who set free the children three  
From out the furnace flame of old,  
Within the tomb of darksome gloom  
Is laid, strange marvel, dead and cold,  
    To ransom us, who thankful sing,  
    Blest be Thy Name, Redeemer King !

O happy tomb, become the room  
Where lay creation's Lord in sleep !  
Thou art the shrine of wealth divine,  
Since thou dost Life within thee keep,  
    To ransom us, who thankful sing,  
    Blest be Thy Name, Redeemer King !

The Life of all takes shroud and pall,  
And yields Himself to mortal's law,

But makes His grave a springing wave  
Whence we salvation's water draw,  
    To ransom us, who thankful sing,  
    Blest be Thy Name, Redeemer King !

Through Hell's abyss and Eden's bliss  
The Lord Eternal, Christ the Son,  
Unchanging trod, still very God,  
With Father and with Spirit One,  
    To ransom us, who thankful sing,  
    Blest be Thy Name, Redeemer King !

R. F. LITTLEDALE, *from the Latin.*

JESUS' GRAVE.

By Jesus' Grave on either hand,  
While night is brooding o'er the land,  
The sad and silent mourners stand.

At last the weary life is o'er,  
The agony and conflict sore,  
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade  
The Lord by Whom the worlds were made,  
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

O hearts bereaved and sore distress,  
Here is for you a place of rest :  
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' Breast !

ISAAC GREGORY SMITH.

**BURIAL OF THE DEAD.**

I THOUGHT to meet no more, so dreary seemed  
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,  
    Thy place in Paradise  
    Beyond where I could soar,

Friend of this worthless heart ! but happier thoughts  
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,  
    Where patiently thou tak'st  
    Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing : the soft air  
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own ;  
    While Memory, by thy grave,  
    Lives o'er thy funeral day ;

The deep knell dying down, the mourners' pause,  
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—  
    Sure with the words of Heaven  
    Thy spirit met us there,



And sought with us along th' accustomed way  
The hallowed porch, and, entering in, beheld  
    The pageant of sad joy,  
    So dear to Faith and Hope.

O ! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise  
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touched  
    The sacred springs of grief  
    More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,  
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,  
    Guiding through light and gloom  
    Our mourning fancies wild,

Till, gently, like soft golden clouds at eve  
Around the western twilight, all subside  
    Into a placid Faith,  
    That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier and pall ;  
So many relics of a frail love lost,  
    So many tokens dear  
    Of endless love begun :

Listen ! it is no dream : th' Apostle's trump  
Gives earnest of th' Archangel's ;—calmly now  
Our hearts yet beating high  
To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge  
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust  
Our treasure for a while :  
And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow  
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth  
Touches the coffin lid ;  
If at our brother's name

Once and again the thought, " For ever gone,"  
Come o'er us like a cloud ; yet, gentle spright,  
Thou turnest not away,  
Thou knowest us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,  
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er :  
O cleanse us, ere we view  
That countenance pure again,

Thou, Who canst change the heart, and raise the dead !  
As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour,  
    Be ready when we meet  
    With Thy dear pardoning words.

JOHN KEBLE.

## FUNERAL HYMN.

Now the labourer's task is o'er ;  
Now the battle day is past ;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried ;  
There its hidden things are clear ;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Then the Shepherd bears on high  
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,  
Peacefully at last to lie  
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn  
To the Cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Christ shall learn  
At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace ;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He Who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Leaving him to sleep in trust  
Till the Resurrection-day.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

JOHN ELLERTON.

## DEATH.

THOUGH since thy first sad entrance by  
    Just Abel's blood,  
'Tis now six thousand years well-nigh,  
And still thy sovereignty holds good ;  
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease,  
    As a tried thing,  
And every one can slight his lease,  
As if it ended in a spring  
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go ;  
    But there was One  
Who searched it quite through to and fro,  
And then, returning like the sun,  
Discovered all that there is done.

And since His death we throughly see  
    All thy dark way ;  
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,  
Which his first looks will quickly fray :  
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

As harmless violets, which give  
    Their virtues here  
For salves and syrups while they live,  
Do after calmly disappear,  
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear :

So die His servants ; and as sure  
    Shall they revive.  
Then let not dust your eyes obscure,  
But lift them up, where still alive,  
Though fled from you, their spirits live.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## THE DEAD FRIEND.

## I.

NOT to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Descend to contemplate  
The form that once was dear ;  
The spirit is not there  
Which kindled that dead eye,  
Which throbbed in that cold heart,  
Which in that motionless hand  
Hath met thy friendly grasp—  
The spirit is not there !  
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh  
That moulders in the grave ;  
Earth, air, and water's mingling particles  
Are to their elements  
Resolved, their uses done.



2.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend beloved ;  
The spirit is not there !  
Often together have we talked of death :  
How sweet it were to see  
All doubtful things made clear ;  
How sweet it were with eyes,  
Such as the cherubim  
To view the depths of Heaven.  
O, thou hast first  
Begun the travel of eternity ;  
I look upon the stars,  
And think that thou art there  
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.

3.

And we have often said, how sweet it were,  
With unseen ministry of angel power,  
To watch the friend beloved,—  
We did not err !  
Sure I have felt thy presence ! thou hast given  
A birth to holy thoughts,  
Hast kept me from the world unstained and pure !

We did not err !  
Our best affections here,  
They are not like the toys of infancy,  
The soul outgrows them not ;  
We do not cast them off ;  
Oh, if it could be so,  
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

## 4.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend beloved ;  
But in the lonely hour,  
But in the evening walk,  
Think that he companies thy solitude ;  
Think that he holds with thee  
Mysterious intercourse ;  
And if remembrance wake a tear,  
There will be joy in grief.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1799.

“ALL LIVE UNTO HIM.”

God of the living, in Whose eyes  
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies ;  
All souls are Thine ; we must not say,  
That those are dead who pass away ;  
From this our world of flesh set free,  
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,  
With Thee is hidden still their life ;  
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,  
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;  
For well we know, where'er they be,  
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,  
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,

Not wandering in unknown despair  
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;  
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;  
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just ;  
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;  
And bless Thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave,  
That none might fear that world to see  
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Breather into man of breath,  
O Holder of the keys of death,  
O Quickener of the life within,  
Save us from death, the death of sin ;  
That body, soul, and spirit be  
For ever living unto Thee !

JOHN ELLERTON.

THE FLESH RESTING IN HOPE.

LIE down, frail body, here,—  
Earth has no fairer bed,  
No gentler pillow to afford ;  
Come, rest thy home-sick head !

Lie down, with all thy aches,—  
There is no aching here ;  
How soon shall all thy life-long ills  
For ever disappear !

Through these well-guarded gates  
No foe can entrance gain ;  
No sickness wastes, nor once intrudes  
The memory of pain.

Brief night and quiet couch  
In some star-lighted room ;  
Watched but by one belovèd eye,  
Whose light dispels all gloom ;

A sky without a cloud,  
A sea without a wave,—  
These are but shadows of thy rest  
In this thy peaceful grave.

Rest for the toiling hand,  
Rest for the thought-worn brow,  
Rest for the weary way-sore feet,  
Rest from all labour now.

Rest for the fevered brain,  
Rest for the throbbing eye ;  
Through these parched lips of thine no more  
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

Ye dwellers in the dust,  
Awake, come forth and sing :  
Sharp has your frost of winter been,  
But bright shall be your spring.

'Twas sown in weakness here,  
'Twill then be raised in power ;  
That which was sown an earthly seed,  
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## THE SUNDAY AFTER THE FUNERAL.

AGAIN Thou meetest in Thy way  
Those who remember Thee to-day ;  
But one there is who never more  
Shall here with us Thy Name adore.

Again our hearts and voices raise  
Our wonted strains of solemn praise,  
But when the burst of song ascends,  
One voice with ours no longer blends.

Again we spread before Thine Eyes  
The great Memorial Sacrifice,  
And, praising Thee for those at rest,  
We add one name yet unexpressed.

In Thee the Church of Thy dear Son,  
Without, within the veil are one ;  
The sundered links are knit again,  
And Death and Hell already slain.

Lord, keep the bond unbroken thus  
That binds Thy saints at rest to us,  
That strong in faith both we and they  
May wait till dawns Thine Advent Day.

JOHN ELLERTON.



## RECEIVE HIM, EARTH.

RECEIVE him, Earth, unto thine harbouring shrine,  
In thy soft tranquil bosom let him rest ;  
These limbs of man I to thy care consign,  
And trust the noble fragments to thy breast.

This house was once the mansion of a soul  
Brought into life by its Creator's breath ;  
Wisdom did once this living mass control ;  
And Christ was there enshrined, Who conquered death.

Cover this body to thy care consigned,  
Its Maker shall not leave it in the grave ;  
But His own lineaments shall bear in mind,  
And shall recall the image which He gave.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

*From the Latin of Prudentius.*

## THE LAST JOURNEY!

## I.

WOHLAUF, wohlan zum letzten Gang!  
Kurz ist der Weg, die Ruh ist lang.  
Gott führet ein, Gott führet aus:  
    Wohlan, hinaus!  
Kein Bleiben ist im Erdenhaus,

Dir Herberg in der Wanderzeit,  
Gehab dich wohl und lass dein Leid!  
Schleuss nur getrost die Pforte zu!  
    Was trauerst du?  
Dein Geist geht hin zur ew'gen Ruh.

Tragt ihn fein sanft ins Schlafgemach,  
Ihr Lieben, folgt ihm segnend nach,  
Hab gute Nacht! Tag war schwül  
    Im Erdgewühl.  
Hab gute Nacht, die Nacht ist kühl.

Ein Festschmuck ist der Särge Tuch,  
Ein Siegeszug der Leichenzug,  
Triumph ! der Herr macht gute Bahn ;  
    Sein Kreuz voran—  
Das winkt und deutet hundan.

Ihr Glocken tönt Nochlesthur drein,  
Und läutet hell den Sabbath ein,  
Der nach des Werktags kurzer Frist  
    Durch Jesum Christ  
Für Gottes Volk vorhanden ist.

## II.

O selig, wer das Heil erwirbt,  
Dass er im Herrn, in Christo stirbt !  
O selig, wer vom Laufe malt  
    Die Gottesstadt  
Die droben ist, gefunden hat !

Was suchst du, Mensch, bis in den Tod  
Du suchst so viel, und eins ist noth  
Die Welt beut ihre Güter viel,—  
    Denk an dein Heil  
Und wähl in Gott das beste Theil !

Was sorgst du, bis zum letzten Tritt?  
Nichts brachtest du, nichts nimmest du  
Die Welt vergeht mit Lust und Schmerz mit;  
Loben himmelwärts!  
Da wo dein Schatz, da sei dein Herz!

Mit Gott bestell dein Haus bei Zeit,  
Eh' dich der Tod an Todte reiht;  
Sie rufen; gestern war's an mir,  
Heut ist's an dir!  
Hier ist kein Stand, kein Bleiben hier.

Vom Freudenmahl zum Wanderstab,  
Aus Wieg' und Bett in Sarg und Grab!  
Wann, wie und wo ist Gott bewusst,  
Schlag 'an die Brust!  
Du musst von dannen, Mensch, du musst!

Da ist kein Sitz zu reich, zu arm,  
Kein Haupt zu hoch, kein Herz zu warm,  
Da blüht zu schön kein Wangenroth:  
Zu finstern droht  
Der Tod, und überall der Tod.

Ach banges Herz im Leidensqual  
Wo ist dein Licht, dein Lebensstrahl?  
Du bist es, Jesu, der mit Macht  
    Aus Grabesnacht  
Das Leben hat ans Licht gebracht!

Dein Trostwort klingt so hoch und hehr:  
Wer an mich glaubt, stirbt nimmermehr,  
Dein Kreuz, dein Grab, dein Auferstehn,  
    Dein Himmelgehn  
Lasst uns den Himmel offen sehn.

Wohl dem, du Herr, mit dir vertraut,  
Schon hier die ew'gen Hütten baut!  
Er sieht das Kleinod in der Fern  
    Und kämpfet gern  
Und harrt der Zukunft seines Herrn.

III.

Nun, Thor des Friedens, öffne dich!  
Hinein! hier schliesst die Wallfahrt sich.  
Für Soulafendur im Friedensreich,  
    Gount allzugleich  
Dein Staub am Bäumlein neben euch!

Viel Gräber hier im Ruheport,  
Viel Wohnungen im Himmel dort ;  
Bereitet ist die stelle schon  
    Am Gnadenthron,  
Bereitet uns durch Gottes Sohn.

Sein ist das Reich mit Allgewalt,  
Er zeugt und spricht : Ich kömme bald !  
Ja, komme, Herr Jesu, führt uns ein  
    Wir harren dein.  
Amen, dein lass uns ewig sein !

## *COMMUNION OF SAINTS.*

### WAITING FOR CHRIST.

Do not their souls, who 'neath the Altar wait  
    Until their second birth,  
The gift of patience need, as separate  
    From their first friends on earth?  
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone  
    By Eden's Angel flame,  
But that earth knows not yet the dead has won  
    The crown that was his aim.  
For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene  
    About his silent bier,  
A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,  
    And Hope and sacred Fear.  
Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,  
    Hope raised her chalice high,  
And the twin sisters still his shade attend  
    Viewed in the mourner's eye.

So day by day for him from earth ascends,  
As dew in summer even,  
The speechless intercession of his friends  
Toward the azure heaven.  
Ah ! dearest, with a word he could dispel  
All questioning, and raise  
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well  
And turning prayer to praise.  
And other secrets, too, he could declare  
By patterns all divine,  
His earthly creed retouching here and there  
And deepening every line.  
Dearest ! he longs to speak as I to know,  
And yet we both refrain :  
It were not good ; a little doubt below  
And all will soon be plain.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



KNOWLEDGE.

WEEP not for me ;  
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom  
The stream of love that circles home,  
Light hearts and free !  
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends,  
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near,  
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,  
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;  
Now, too, I hear  
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,  
Low prayers and musings sweet.

A sea before  
The Throne is spread ; its pure still glass  
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.  
We on its shore  
Share in the bosom of our rest,  
God's knowledge, and are blest.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.  
D

## FRIENDS DEPARTED.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here ;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days ;  
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy ~~hope~~ ! and high humility !  
High ~~as the~~ Heavens above !  
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous Death, the jewel of the just !  
Shining nowhere but in the dark,  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may  
know  
At first sight if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted  
themes,  
And into glory peep !

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
Her captive flame must needs burn there,  
But when the hand that locked her up gave room,  
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under thee !  
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall  
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
My perspective still as they pass,  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill  
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

FELLOWSHIP WITH THOSE GONE  
BEFORE.

THROUGH cloistral glades what shadows round us  
steal

Of them that are with God?

We on the path they trod

Live in their thoughts, and with them feel,

And learn the blest communion

Of saints that are in wisdom one ;

Our heart-pulse is to theirs replying,

In books which all their souls reveal,

And all the breath we breathe is 'mid the dead and  
dying.

While peace and calm to them belong,

Our life unquiet is, and fades ;

Shadows we are, and wandering amid shades,

As they who walked the realms below,

With that famed Florentine,

Substances amid spirits seen,  
Known only by the sabler shade they throw  
Thus 'mid the dead, where'er we go,  
Our life is known by some companionship of woe.  
O let me with you converse keep  
On the autumnal eve,  
Or in the quiet midnight deep ;  
There is a solemn sweetness when we grieve,  
And holier wisdom on our hearts ye leave ;  
Better than all the talk of living men,  
Which in their frustrate longings still again  
The weary round of earthly things pursue  
For ye full well the value know  
Of all things here below ;  
And while our contemplations dwell with you,  
We learn to look with your unsealed eyes  
On all things here we prize.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

THE BETTER HOPE.

THE world is sad with hopes that die,  
With joys that gleam and then go by ;  
And dim the mortal eyes that gaze  
On setting suns of parting days.

Better the hope, the joy, the light  
For spiritual heart and sight !  
For they whose life is hid on high  
Shall never part and never die.

They never part ! that saintly band,  
Heirs of the heavenly, holy land ;  
Whom God the Spirit hath made one  
With God the Father and the Son.

They never die ! the deathly strife  
But ushers them to happier life :  
From their last enemy they gain  
Their birth to bliss, their end to pain.

O Jesu, teach our hearts to soar  
And grasp those things which are before,  
That after death our life may be  
The immortality with Thee !

S. J. STONE.



SUNSET HYMN FOR FRIENDS  
DEPARTED.

THE shadows lengthen, night draws nigh,  
As fades the glory from the West ;  
To Thee with longing hearts we cry  
For those dear souls we love the best ;  
O Father, grant them Rest and Light,  
In that fair land which knows no night !

Awhile our homes and lives were glad  
With joy in their sweet presence here,  
Till set their sun, and left us sad,  
Wrapped in this twilight chill and drear ;  
O Father, grant them Rest and Light,  
In that fair land which knows no night !

Yet, Lord, although our joys be far,  
Here in Thy shadow let us stay ;  
Rise in our hearts, O Morning Star,  
Bright earnest of the dawning Day ;

O Father, grant them Rest and Light,  
In that fair land which knows no night !

Not yet can our dim eyes behold  
The brightness which enwraps them now ;  
Yet through this veil of sunset gold  
We seem to see that Morning-glow !  
O Father, grant them Rest and Light,  
In that fair land which knows no night !

For them we watch, as they for us,  
And Thou art watching over all ;  
And while Thy love is round us thus,  
We wait to hear Thy evening call,  
With them to share Thy Rest and Light,  
In that fair land which knows no night !

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN.

## SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere  
In God's great universe thou art to-day.  
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?  
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him Who holds within  
The hollow of His Hand all worlds, all space,  
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?  
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him;  
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;  
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim  
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear  
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray—  
O true, brave heart! God bless thee, whereso'er  
In His great universe thou art to-day!

JULIA DORR.

## NOVEMBER MUSINGS.

“ All souls are Thine.”— EZEK. xviii. 4.

Is it not so, that, year by year,  
More friends are far who once were near ?  
Is it not so, that, day by day,  
More joys of earth have passed away ?

Is it not so, the golden light  
Which made youth's early morning bright,  
Has set for ever in the sea,  
The ocean of eternity ?

For ever fled, for ever past,  
Those visions fair, too bright to last :  
Our dear ones dead, our courage gone,  
And shades of evening drawing on.

All souls are Thine ! *our* souls opprest  
By weariness and deep unrest ;  
And theirs, O Father, Whom Thy Hand  
Keeps safely in the unseen land.

Too oft on earth Thy will they crossed,  
Thy loving guidance missed or lost,  
But now the wandering child has come  
To shelter in his Father's home.

What though, perchance, a little while  
He may not feel his Father's smile ?  
That rod and staff the child must love  
Which fit him for his place above ;

Must love the suffering, sent to dress  
His soul in robe of righteousness,  
Till he, made pure, with saints may see  
The glorious vision, Lord, of Thee !

And for our souls on earth—to them  
Come whisperings from Jerusalem ;  
Come sweet low notes of that glad song  
Aye chanted by the Heavenly throng.

Life's setting sun gives promise sure  
Of life which changeless shall endure ;  
More dear than voice of dearest friend  
His—" I am with you to the end !"

Through death to life, through night to day ;  
Through grief to joys none take away ;  
Through parting to reunion blest,  
Perpetual Light, Eternal rest !

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN.

## LOVED ONCE.

AH ! who saith, " I loved once " ?  
Not angels whose clear eyes love, love foresee,  
    Love through Eternity !  
Who, by To Love, do apprehend To Be.  
Not God, called Love, His noble crown-name—  
    casting  
    A light too broad for blasting !  
The Great God, changing not from everlasting,  
    Saith never, " I loved once ! "

Oh, ever is " Loved once "  
Thy word, Thou Victim-Christ, misprizèd friend ?  
    Thy cross and curse may rend ;  
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end !  
It is man's saying—man's ! Too weak to move  
    One spherèd star above,  
Man desecrates the Eternal God-word, Love,  
    With his No More, and Once.

How say ye, "We loved once,"  
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,  
Mourners, without that snow?  
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?  
And could ye say of some, whose Love is known,  
Whose prayers have met your own,  
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have  
shone,  
Such words, "We loved them ONCE"?

Could ye, "We loved her once,"  
Say cold of me, when further put away  
In earth's sepulchral clay—  
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?  
Not so! not then—*least* then! when life is  
shriven,  
And Death's full joy is given,  
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven.  
Say not "We loved them ONCE!"

Say never, ye loved ONCE!  
God is too near above, the grave beneath  
And all our moments breathe  
Too quick in mysteries of Life and Death



For such a word. The eternities avenge  
Affections light of range—  
Love strikes but one hour—Love. Those *never*  
loved  
Who dream that they loved ONCE.

E. B. BROWNING.

## VISIONS BRIGHT.

THE loving ones we loved the best,  
Like music, all are gone !  
And the wan moonlight bathes their rest,  
Their monumental stone.

But not, when the death prayer is said,  
The life of life departs :  
The body in the grave is hid,  
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight, voices sweet,  
Like fragrance, fill the room,  
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet  
Come brightening from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,  
From whose dear side they came ;  
We veil our eyes before Thy light,  
We bless our Saviour's Name.

Dim is the light of vanished years  
In the glory yet to come.  
Oh, idle grief ! oh, foolish tears !  
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair  
That weep themselves to rest,  
We part with life—awake ! and there  
The jewel's in our breast.

JOHN WILSON.

## JOY OF MY LIFE.

## I.

Joy of my life while left me here.  
And still my love !  
How in thy absence thou dost steer  
Me from above !  
A life well led  
This truth commends,  
With quick or dead  
It never ends.

## II.

Stars are of mighty use : the night  
Is dark and long ;  
The rode foul ; and where one goes right  
Six may go wrong.  
One trembling ray,  
Shot o'er some cloud,  
May clear much way  
And guide a croud.

## III.

God's saints are shining lights : who stay  
Here long must passe  
O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways  
As smooth as glasse ;  
But these all night,  
Like candles, shed  
Their beams, and light  
Us into bed.

## IV.

They are indeed our pillar fires  
Seen as we go ;  
They are that citie's shining spires  
We travell to.  
A sword-like gleame  
Kept man from sin  
First *out* ; this beame  
Will guide him *in*.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## UNITY.

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,  
Think they of their brethren more?  
They before the Throne who bow,  
Feel they for their brethren now?

Yea, the dead in Christ have still  
Part in all our joy and ill ;  
Keeping all our steps in view,  
Guiding them, it may be, too.

We, by enemies distrest—  
They in Paradise at rest ;  
We the captives—they the freed—  
We and they are one indeed.

One in all we seek or shun ;  
One, because our Lord is One ;  
One in heart, and one in love ;  
We below and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,  
Many mountains, many tides,  
Have they with each other part ?  
Have they fellowship in heart ?

Each to each may be unknown,  
Wide apart their lots be thrown ;  
Differing tongues their lips may speak,  
One be strong and one be weak ;

Yet in Sacrament and prayer  
Each with other hath a share ;  
Hath a share in tear and sigh,  
Watch and Fast and Litany.

With each other join they here  
In affliction, doubt, and fear ;  
That hereafter they may be  
Joined in bliss, O Lord, with Thee !

So with them our hearts we raise,  
Share their work and join their praise,  
Rendering worship, thanks, and love  
To the Trinity above !

JOHN MASON NEALE.

## PENSÉE DES MORTS.

AH ! vous pleurer est le bonheur suprême,  
Mânes chéris, de quiconque a des pleurs.  
Vous oublier, c'est s'oublier soi-même :  
N'êtes-vous pas un débris de nos cœurs ?

En avançant dans notre obscur voyage,  
Du doux passé l'horizon est plus beau,  
En deux moitiés notre âme se partage,  
Et la meilleure appartient au tombeau.

Dieu de pardon ! leur Dieu ! Dieu de leurs pères  
Toi que leur bouche a si souvent nommé !  
Entends pour eux les larmes de leurs frères !  
Prions pour eux, nous qu'ils ont tant aimé !

Ils T'ont prié pendant leur courte vie,  
Ils ont souri quand Tu les as frappés !  
Ils ont crié : Que Ta main soit bénie !  
Dieu, tout espoir ! les aurais-Tu trompés ?



Et cependant pourquoi ce long silence ?  
Nous auraient-ils oubliés sans retour ?  
N'aiment-ils plus ? Ah ! ce doute t'offense !  
Et Toi, mon Dieu ! n'es-Tu pas tout amour ?

Mais s'ils parlaient à l'ami qui les pleure,  
S'ils nous disaient comment ils sont heureux,  
De Tes desseins nous devancerions l'heure,  
Avant Ton jour nous volerions vers eux.

Où vivent-ils ? Quel astre à leur paupière  
Repend un jour plus durable et plus doux ?  
Vont-ils peupler ces îles de lumière ?  
Ou planent-ils entre le ciel et nous ?

Sont-ils noyés dans l'éternelle flamme ?  
Ont-ils perdu ces doux noms d'ici-bas,  
Ces noms de sœur, et d'amante, et de femme ?  
À ces appels ne répondront-ils pas.

Non, non, mon Dieu, si la céleste gloire  
Leur eût ravi tout souvenir humain,  
Tu nous aurais enlevé leur mémoire ;  
Nos pleurs sur eux couleraient-ils en vain ?

Ah ! dans Ton sein que leur âme se noie !  
Mais garde-nous nos places dans leur cœur ;  
Eux qui jadis ont goûté notre joie,  
Pouvons-nous être heureux sans leur bonheur ?

Etends sur eux la main de Ta clémence,  
Ils ont pêché ; mais le ciel est un don !  
Ils ont souffert ; c'est une autre innocence !  
Ils ont aimé ; c'est le sceau du pardon !

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

*NEAR THE END OF LIFE'S  
JOURNEY.*

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

A VISION.

ON the banks of the silent river, where millions have  
stood before,

I am standing, watching and waiting for a glimpse of  
the farther shore :

I hear the plash of the waters, with fear I tremble  
and shrink,

For my feet seem to wellnigh touch them, I have  
come so near to the brink.

So near, in the awful silence where my heart seems  
all alone,

And I quiver with thousand terrors before the great  
unknown :

Where, where will the river bear me across its bosom  
wide ?

Must I enter friendless, forsaken, no hand to succour  
and guide ?

As I watched, to the dark cold waters a bright young  
form drew near ;  
She gazed o'er the rippling surface without a touch of  
fear ;  
A glow of Celestial gladness illumined her sunny brow  
As she whispered—"Come, Lord Jesus, Thy child  
doth await Thee now !"

Then I saw in his prime of manhood one honoured  
and loved by all ;  
Whose life was spent in service, aye ready at duty's  
call ;  
He was bidden to leave his labours—as it seemed, all  
incomplete,—  
But with joy he cried, "My Father, I lay my life at  
Thy Feet !"

A gentle mother was entering the river so dark and  
deep,  
Whom her children's love, all vainly, endeavoured to  
hold and keep ;  
With a tender smile she kissed them, but nor sought  
nor wished to stay,—  
A dearer love than her children's was calling her far  
away.

And ever as I kept vigil I beheld them, one by one,  
Come down to the brink of the river and enter it all  
alone :

The poor, the sad, and the weary ; the young and the  
full of years ;

Yet to few it seemed the passage was a thing of  
sorrow or fears.

So few regretful longings for the land they left behind ;  
So little of dread misgiving as to that they hoped to  
find.

And I thought that, perchance, the river, like the  
waters of Jordan, rolled

Away at the touch of the faithful as at that of the  
Priests of old.

And I thought that what looked so lonely till each  
one's turn had come

Might be peopled with radiant angels sent forth to  
welcome them home.

"I believe in the Life Everlasting!" I will cry to  
my latest breath ;

My Saviour has died, and in dying has o'ercome and  
abolished death !

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN.

## THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

ALONE ! to land alone upon that shore !  
With no one sight that we have seen before,  
    Things of a different hue,  
    And the sounds all new,  
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint,  
Alone ! oh that first hour of being a saint !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore  
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar ;  
    Perhaps no shape of ground,  
    Perhaps no sight or sound,  
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,  
But to begin alone that mighty change !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !  
Knowing so well we can return no more  
    No voice or face of friend,  
    None with us to attend

Our disembarking on that awful strand,  
But to arrive alone in such a land !

Alone ! to stand alone upon that shore,  
To begin alone to live for evermore,  
    To have no one to teach  
    The manners or the speech  
Of that new life, or put us at our ease :  
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies !

Alone? no, God hath been there long before,  
Eternally hath waited on that shore  
    For us, who were to come  
    To our Eternal home ;  
And He hath taught His angels to prepare  
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches He hath sate,  
As if there were none else for whom to wait,  
    Waiting for us, for us  
    Who keep Him waiting thus,  
And who bring less to satisfy His love  
Than any other of the souls above.

Alone? The God we know is on that shore,  
The God of Whose attractions we know more  
Than of those who may appear  
Nearest and dearest here :  
Oh, is He not the life-long Friend we know  
More privately than any friend below ?

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,  
The Faithful One, Whom we have trusted more  
In trials and in woe  
Than we have trusted those  
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife.

Alone? The God we love is on that shore :  
Love not enough, yet Whom we love far more,  
Whom we have loved all through  
And with a love more true,  
Than other loves—yet now shall love Him more,—  
True love of Him begins upon that shore.

So not alone we land upon that shore :  
'Twill be as though we had been there before ;  
We shall meet more we know  
Than we can meet below,  
And find our rest like some returning dove,  
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love

FREDERICK W. FABER.



“NON, CE N'EST PAS MOURIR.”

It is not death, to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And midst the brotherhood on high  
To be at home with God.

It is not death, to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

It is not death, to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon-chains to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death, to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise on strong exulting wing  
To live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of Life !  
Thy chosen cannot die ;  
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE,  
*From French of César Malan.*

NEAR HOME AT LAST.

AMID the host that circling stand  
Round Jesus in the spirit-land  
One group, by instant glance, is known,  
And fondly claimed as all my own ;  
My father's sweet and reverent air  
Renews the old home welcome there ;  
My mother's soft and gentle face,  
With brightening smile and tenderer grace,  
Makes lovelier ev'n that holy place.  
My brothers and my sister tell,  
By looks of love I know so well,  
How new delights may daily rise  
Even to souls in Paradise !  
While clinging round me, pure and bright  
As their own atmosphere of light,  
Sweet spirits, that in beauty seem  
Like visions of an angel's dream,

Offer the homage of a love  
Souls may receive from souls above,  
Who could on earth that reverence claim  
Which consecrates a parent's name.

Dear babes, from us untimely parted  
In youth's first sorrow broken-hearted ;  
And those, whom time still more endears,  
Resigned to God in later years,  
With not less grief, but with a joy  
Of hope that Death could not destroy,  
Pure as they left us through God's grace,  
Made purer in that happy place,—  
The growth that is so slow in Time,  
More rapid in that heavenly clime :  
By every gesture doth declare  
"That they have been with Jesus " there.

O blest reunion, come at last !  
Sorrow and separation past !  
Though with long-measured steps and slow  
The lingering years went on below,  
That kept us from that fond embrace,  
Seeing each other face to face ;  
How swift, where all is light and love  
They must have sped for those above,

Where measured by hope's long delay,  
A thousand years are as one day !  
Though lengthening out what love endears,  
One day is as a thousand years !

\* \* \* \* \*

No more with weary steps to roam  
Earth's wilderness,—gone Home ! gone Home !

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## A VOICE FROM A DEATH-BED.

WEEP not, dearest one, for me !  
Rather would I weep for thee !  
Weep to leave thee lonely here,  
Filled with anxious doubt and fear.

Weep not—tears are wiped away  
In the home where I shall stay,  
Where in His safe keeping dwell  
Souls which Jesus loves so well.

Souls which He has made for bliss,  
Called and owned and sealed for His,  
Washed in His all-cleansing Blood,  
He will bear through death's dark flood.

'Mid the shadows dark and drear,  
He will whisper—" I am near ;  
Thou in life My love didst know,  
Lean upon and trust Me now ! "

Earthly things grow dim, but He  
Through the gloom is leading me ;  
Guide and refuge, strength and stay,  
Who the slayer Death will slay.

No more darkness, no more night :  
Jesus saith, " Let there be light ! "  
Come, my Saviour, quickly come,  
Bear Thy child in safety Home !

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN.

## THE PASSING BELL.

TREAD softly, bow the head,  
In reverent silence bow,  
The passing bell doth toll,  
For an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Oh change ! oh wondrous change !  
Burst are the prison bars ;  
This moment there so low,  
So agonized, and now  
Beyond the stars !

Oh change, stupendous change !  
There lies the soulless clod :  
The sun eternal breaks,  
The new immortal wakes,  
Wakes with his God !

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.



## THROUGH THE FLOOD ON FOOT.

THE sun had sunk in the west  
For a little while,  
And the clouds which had gathered to see him die  
Had caught his dying smile.

We sat in the door of our tent  
In the cool of the day,  
Towards the quiet meadow  
Where misty shadows lay,

And over the mountains of Moab  
Afar,  
We saw the first sweet gleam  
Of the first star.

The great and terrible Land  
Of wilderness and drought  
Lay in the shadows behind us,  
For the Lord had brought us out.

The great and terrible River,  
Though shrouded still from view,  
Lay in the shadows before us,  
But the Lord would bear us through.

In the stillness and the starlight,  
In sight of the Blessed Land  
We thought of the bygone desert-life,  
And the burning, blinding sand.

Many a dreary sunset,  
Many a dreary dawn,  
We had watched upon those desert hills  
As we pressed slowly on ;

Yet sweet had been the silent dews  
Which from God's Presence fell,  
And the still hours of resting  
By palm-tree and by well,

Till we pitched our tent at last,  
The desert done,  
Where we saw the hills of the Holy Land  
Gleam in our sinking sun :

And we sat in the door of our tent,  
In the cool of the day,  
Towards the quiet meadow  
Where misty shadows lay :

We were talking about the King  
And our elder Brother,  
As we were used often to speak  
One to another,

The Lord standing quietly by,  
In the shadows dim,  
Smiling perhaps, in the dark, to hear  
Our sweet, sweet talk of Him.

" I think in a little while,"  
I said at length,  
" We shall see His Face in the City  
Of everlasting strength,

And sit down under the shadow  
Of His smile,  
With great delight and thanksgiving,  
To rest awhile."

—“ But the River—the awful River,  
In the dying light,”  
And, even as he spoke, the murmur  
Of a river rose on the night !

And One came up through the meadow,  
Where the mists lay dim,  
Till He stood by my friend in the starlight  
And spake to him :—

“ I have come to call thee Home,”  
Said our veiled Guest ;  
The terrible journey of life is done,—  
I will take thee into Rest.

“ Arise ! thou shalt come to the Palace,  
To rest thee for ever ; ”  
And He pointed across the dark meadow,  
And down to the River.

And my friend rose up in the shadows,  
And turned to me,—  
“ Be of good cheer,” I said faintly,  
“ For He calleth thee.”

For I knew by His loving voice,  
His kingly word,  
The veiled Guest in the starlight dim  
Was Christ, the Lord.

So we three went slowly down  
To the River-side,  
Till we stood in the heavy shadows  
By the black, wild tide.

I could hear that the Lord was speaking  
Deep words of grace,  
I could see their blessed reflection  
On my friend's pale face.

The strong and desolate tide  
Was hurrying wildly past,  
As he turned to take my hand once more,  
And say Farewell, at last.

"Farewell—I cannot fear ;  
Oh, seest *thou* His grace ?"  
And even as he spoke, he turned  
Again to the Master's face.

So they too went closer down  
To the River-side,  
And stood in the heavy shadows  
By the black, wild tide.

But when the feet of the Lord  
Were come to the waters dim,  
They rose to stand, on either hand,  
And left a path for Him.

So they two passed over swiftly  
Towards the Goal,  
But the wistful, longing gaze  
Of the passing soul

Grew only more rapt and joyful  
As he clasped the Master's hand—  
I think or ever he was aware  
They were come to the Holy Land.

Now I sit alone in the door of my tent  
In the cool of the day,  
Towards the quiet meadow  
Where misty shadows play.

The great and terrible Land  
Of wilderness and drought,  
Lies in the shadows behind me  
For the Lord hath brought me out.

The great and terrible River  
I stood that night to view,  
Lies in the shadows before me  
But the Lord will bear me through.

BESSIE MACFADYEN.

*CHILDREN.*

## DEATH OF THE NEW-BAPTIZED.

WHAT purer, brighter sight on earth, than when  
The sun looks down upon a drop of dew,  
Hid in some nook from all but angels' ken,  
And with his radiance bathes it through and  
through,  
Then into realms too clear for our frail view  
Exhales and draws it with absorbing love?  
And what if Heaven therein give token true  
Of grace that new-born dying infants prove,  
Just touched with Jesus' light, then  
Lost in joys above!

JOHN KEBLE.



HER LITTLE CHILD.

HER little child has gone to sleep,  
Why should a mother watch and weep?  
Earth's ills were gathering round his nest,  
He crept into a Father's breast.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

## A CHILD'S DEATH.

THOU touchest us lightly, O God, in our grief ;  
But how rough is Thy touch in our prosperous  
hours !

All was bright, but thou camest, so dreadful and brief,  
Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

My children ! my children ! they clustered all round  
me,

Like a rampart which sorrow could never break  
through ;

Each change in their beautiful lives only bound me  
In a spell of delight which no care could undo.

But the eldest, O Father ! how glorious he was,  
With the soul looking out through his fountain-like  
eyes :

Thou lovest Thy sole-born ! And had I not cause  
The treasure Thou gavest me, Father, to prize ?

But the lily-bed lies beaten down by the rain,  
And the tallest is gone from the place where he  
grew,—

My tallest ! my fairest ! Oh let me complain,  
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat  
through.

I murmur not, Father ! my will is with Thee ;  
I knew at the first that my darling was Thine ;  
Hadst thou taken him earlier, O Father !—but see !  
Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he was  
mine.

Thou hast taken the fairest : he was fairest to me ;  
Thou hast taken the fairest, 'tis always Thy way ;  
Thou hast taken the dearest—was he dearest to Thee ?  
Thou art welcome, thrice welcome :—yet woe is  
the day !

Thou hast honoured my child by the speed of Thy  
choice ;  
Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed  
him with mirth ;  
He sings up in heaven with his sweet-sounding voice,  
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

Yet oh for that voice, which is thrilling through heaven,  
One moment my ears with its music to slake !  
Oh no ! not for worlds would I have him regain,  
Yet I long to have back what I would not retake.

I grudge him, and grudge him not ! Father ! Thou  
knowest

The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow ;  
It is thus in Thy husbandry, Saviour ! Thou sowest  
The grief of to-day for the grace of to-morrow.

Thou art blooming in heaven, my blossom, my pride,  
And thy beauty makes Jesus and angels more glad :  
Saints' mothers have sung when their eldest-born died  
Oh why, my own saint, is thy mother so sad ?

Go, go, with thy God, with thy Saviour, my child !  
Thou art His, I am His, and thy sisters are His ;  
But to-day thy fond mother with sorrow is wild,  
To think that her son is an angel in bliss !

Oh forgive me, dear Saviour ! on heaven's bright shore  
Should I still in my child find a separate joy :  
While I lie in the light of Thy face evermore,  
May I think heaven brighter because of my boy ?

FREDERICK W. FABER.

## THE BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

BLEST infant-bud, whose blossom-life  
Did only look about, and fall,  
Wearyed out in a harmless strife  
Of tears, and milk, the food of all !

Sweetly didst thou expire : thy soul  
Flew home unstained by his new kin ;  
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,  
Death weaned thee from the world and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin-crums !  
Lapt in the scents of thy young breath,  
Expecting till thy Saviour comes  
To dresse them, and unswadle death.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## BEREAVEMENT.

I MARKED when vernal meads were bright  
And many a primrose smiled ;  
I marked her blithe as morning light,  
A dimpled three-years' child.

A basket on one tender arm  
Contained her precious store  
Of spring-flowers in their freshest charm,  
Told proudly o'er and o'er.

The other wound with earnest hold  
About her blooming guide,  
A maid who scarce twelve years had told :  
So walked they side by side.

One a bright bud, and one might seem  
A sister flower half blown.  
Full joyous on their loving dream  
The sky of April shone.

The summer months swept by : again  
That loving pair I met.  
On russet heath and bowery lane,  
The autumnal sun had set :

And chill and damp that Sunday eve  
Breathed on the mourners' road,  
That bright-eyed little one to leave  
Safe in the saints' abode.

Behind, the guardian sister came,  
Her bright brow dim and pale—  
O cheer thee, maiden ! in His Name,  
Who stilled Jairus' wail !

Thou mourn'st to miss the fingers soft  
That held by thine so fast,  
The fond appealing eye, full oft  
Toward thee for refuge cast.

Sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone !  
No more from stranger's face  
Or startling sound, the timid one  
Shall hide in thine embrace.

Thy first glad earthly task is o'er,  
And dreary seems thy way.  
But what if nearer than before  
She watch thee e'en to-day ?

What if henceforth by Heaven's decree  
She leave thee not alone,  
But in her turn prove guide to thee  
In ways to Angels known ?

O yield thee to her whisperings sweet ;  
Away with thoughts of gloom !  
In love the loving spirits greet,  
Who wait to bless her tomb.

In loving hope with her unseen,  
Walk as in hallowed air.  
When foes are strong and trials keen  
Think, "What if she be there !"

JOHN KEBLE.



## HYMN AT THE BURIAL OF A CHILD.

LET no tears to-day be shed,  
Holy is this narrow bed,  
Alleluia !

Death Eternal Life bestows,  
Open Heaven's portal throws,  
Alleluia !

And no peril waits at last  
*Him* (or her) who now away hath passed,  
Alleluia !

Not salvation hardly won,  
Not the meed for race well run,  
Alleluia !

But the pity of the Lord  
Gives his child a full reward,  
Alleluia !

Grants the prize without the course,  
Crowns, without the battle's force,  
Alleluia !

God, Who loveth innocence  
Hastes to take His darling hence,  
Alleluia !

What need we beseech in prayer  
For that soul, now glad and fair ?  
Alleluia !

Nay, for us it prays the Lord  
That His mercy He accord,  
Alleluia !

Christ, when this sad life is done,  
Join us to Thy little one,  
Alleluia !

And, in Thine own tender love,  
Bring us to the ranks above,  
Alleluia !

R. F. LITLEDAL,  
*From Paris Missal.*

## ORPHANHOOD.

OFT have I watched thy trances light,  
And longed for once to be  
A partner in thy dream's delight  
And smile in sleep with thee,  
To sport again one little hour,  
With the pure gales that fan thy nursery bower,  
And, as of old, undoubting upward spring,  
Feeling the breath of heaven beneath my joyous wing.

But rather now with thee, dear child,  
Fain would I lie awake,  
For with no feverish care and wild,  
May thy clear bosom ache ;  
Thy woes go deep, but deeper far  
The soothing power of yonder kindly star :  
Thy first soft slumber on thy mother's breast  
Was never half so sweet as now thy calm unrest.

Thy heart is sad to think upon  
Thy mother far away,  
Wondering perchance, now she is gone  
Who best for thee may pray.  
In many a waking dream of love  
Thou seest her yet upon her knees above :  
The vows she breathed beside thee yesternight,  
She breathes above thee now, winged with intenser  
might.

Both vespers soft and matins clear  
For thee she duly pays,  
Now as of old, and there as here ;  
Nor yet alone she prays.  
Thy vision (whoso chides may blame  
The instinctive reachings of the Altar flame)  
Shows thee above, in yon ethereal air,  
A holier mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer.

'Tis she to whom thy heart took flight  
Of old in joyous hour,  
When first a precious sister spright  
Came to thy nursery bower,

And thou with earnest tone didst say,  
“Mother, let Mary be her name, I pray,  
For dearly do I love to think upon  
That gracious Mother-Maid, nursing her Holy One.”

Then in delight, as now in woe,  
Thou to that home didst turn,  
Where God, an Infant, dwelt below :  
The thoughts that ache and burn  
Nightly within thy bosom, find  
A home in Nazareth to their own sweet mind.  
More than all music are the soothings dear  
Which meet thee at that door and whisper—Christ  
is here.

JOHN KEBLE.

## RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
    But one dead lamb is there !  
THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
    But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
    And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
    Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ; these severe afflictions  
    Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
    Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;  
    Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers  
    May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! what seems so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,  
But gone into that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



## COMFORT.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,  
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so  
Who art not missed by any that intreat.  
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet !  
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
Let my tears drop like amber while I go  
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,  
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,  
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,  
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,  
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

E. B. BROWNING.

## JOY IN GRIEF.

My very heart-strings thrill,  
All jarred with grief and pain ;  
God's Hand alone that grief can still  
And tune the chords again.

Erewhile they seemed to move  
To sweetest melody,  
And all things sang of hope and love  
In happy strains to me.

Come, touch my heart, dear Lord !  
Sweep with Thy Hand its strings,  
Till every note in sweet accord  
Its tone of gladness brings.

Let melodies of earth  
To heavenly strains give place ;  
'Mid tears Eternal Joy has birth  
When nature yields to Grace.

We weep, but from our tears  
Flow rivers of delight,  
When musing on the Eternal Years  
When shall be "no more night !"

Then higher, higher still,  
My thankful hymns I'll raise,  
The mourner's grief Heaven's courts shall fill  
With songs of endless praise.

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN.

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## JESU.

JESU is in my heart, His sacred Name  
Is deeply carved there : but the other week  
A great affliction broke the little frame  
Ev'n all to pieces : which I went to seek :  
And first I found the corner where was J,  
After where ES and where U was graved.  
When I had got those parcels, instantly  
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived  
That to my broken heart He was " I ease you,  
And to my whole is JESU.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## CONSOLATION.

ALL are not taken ; there are left behind  
Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring  
And make the daylight still a happy thing ;  
And tender voices, to make soft the wind :  
But if it were not so—if I could find  
No love in all the world for comforting,  
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,  
Where “dust to dust” the love from life disjoined,  
And if, before those sepulchres unmoving  
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb,  
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),  
Crying, “Where are ye, O my loved and loving ?”  
I know a voice would sound, “Daughter, I AM.  
Can I suffice for HEAVEN and not for earth ?”

E. B. BROWNING.

## PERPLEXED MUSIC.

EXPERIENCE, like a pale musician, holds  
A dulcimer of patience in his hand,  
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,  
Of God's will in His worlds, the strain unfolds  
In sad, perplexèd minors: deathly colds  
Fall on us while we hear, and countermand  
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land  
With nightingales in visionary wolds.  
We murmur, "Where is any certain tune  
Or measured music in such notes as these?"  
But angels, leaning from the golden seat,  
Are not so minded; their fine ear hath won  
The issue of completed cadences,  
And smiling down the stars, they whisper—SWEET.

E. B. BROWNING.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

POURQUOI reprendre, O Père tendre,  
Les biens dont Tu m'as couronné ?  
Ce qu'en offrandes Tu redemandes,  
Pourquoi donc l'avais Tu donné ?  
Parle, Seigneur !  
Tes œuvres sont si grandes  
Et mon regard est si borné.

Ta voix s'élève, Et comme une glaive  
Elle pénètre dans mon cœur ;  
Et ma propre âme Parle et proclame  
La voie secret de Ta rigueur.  
C'est moi, Seigneur,  
Que Ton amour réclame  
Quand Tu me reprends mon bonheur.

Toujours la même Que Ta main sème  
Ou cueille ce qu'elle a planté,

Qu'elle enrichisse Qu'elle appauvrisse  
C'est la main de la Charité,  
Me reveillent d'un coup de Ta justice  
Quand je m'endors sur Ta bonté.

Le saint Modèle, De tout fidèle.  
Jésus est mort ; il faut mourir.  
Mourir, c'est naître ; D'un nouvel être  
C'est jour à jour se revêtir.  
Heureuse Mort, qui m'unis à mon Maître,  
Mort du mal ! Je te veux subir.

A la prudence, A la science  
Qui n'a pas sa meine en Toi  
A toute vie Qui Te revie  
Il faut mourir, O Divin Roi !  
Et ressortir d'une sainte agonie  
Vivant et jeune par la foi.

Oh, pour me rendre Fidèle et tendre  
Mon Père, ne m'épargne pas !  
Que sous Ta flame Un or sans blâme  
Le clémète d'un vil amas ;  
Sous Ton ciseau, Divin Sculpteur de l'âme  
Que mon bonheur vole en éclats.



Tu pend reprendre, O Père tendre,  
Les bons dont Tu m'as couronné ;  
Ce qu'en offrandes Tu redemandes,  
Je sais pourquoi Tu l'as donné ;  
Et le secret de Tes œuvres si grandes  
S'explique à mon esprit borné.

ALEXANDRE VINET.

**FATHER, CALL THY CHILD.**

FATHER, my Father, carry me home,  
Bid Thy child to Thy Kingdom come!  
My dear ones all to their rest are gone  
And I am lingering here alone :  
    Father, call Thy child !

The friends whom I loved in youth's gay morn,  
Ere the sun rose high to their rest were borne ;  
A pilgrim and stranger I dwell below,  
But my home is the home that my dear ones know :  
    Father, call Thy child !

I see in vision that Home so bright,  
And my loved ones walking with Thee in white ;  
I sit alone in the shadows chill,  
And repining thoughts my bosom fill :  
    Father, call Thy child !

---

My child, I will call when thy work is done,  
When the battle is fought and the crown is won,  
When the cross I gave to the end is borne,  
And the ripened ear is filled with the corn,—  
Then will I call My child.

Thou must gather for me the souls which stray  
Far from the strait and narrow way ;  
My sheep who wander in deserts cold,  
Thou must bring again to the one true fold,  
Ere I call thee home, my child !

Who a joyous harvest home would know  
With many a tear for Me must sow ;  
Then, then to the perfect joy above,  
To the dear ones who wait for thee in love  
I will call thee home, My child !

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN.

## SUBMISSION.

ALL as God wills, Who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track ;  
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back :

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good ;

That Death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein the blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair :

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play ;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## FROM "MY MOTHER'S PICTURE."

I HEARD the bell tolled on thy funeral day,  
I saw the hearse which bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),  
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay :

So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,  
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"  
And thy loved consort on the dang'rous tide  
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espousèd saint  
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.  
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint  
Purification in the old law did save,  
And such as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint ;  
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind :  
Her face was veiled ; yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But, O ! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked ; she fled ; and day brought back my  
night.

JOHN MILTON



EPITAPH.

WHY spend we tears that never can be spent

On her that sorrow now no more shall see?

Why send we sighs that never can be sent

To her that died to live, and would not be,

To be there where she would? Here bury we

This heavenly earth; O let it softly sleep.

Let's not for her but for our own sins weep.

PENELOPE GREY (17th century).

## THE JOY OF GRIEF.

SUNK in self-consuming anguish,  
Can the poor heart always ache ?  
No ; the tortured nerve will languish,  
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness  
One faint smile of comfort stole ;  
One soft pang of tender gladness  
Exquisitely thrilled your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,  
While the heart is all resigned ;  
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,  
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces  
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,  
Lives in former times and places,  
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers  
    Rend the veil to mortal eyes,  
From the tomb the sainted numbers  
    Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,  
    Heard a dear dead father speak ;  
Proved the fondness of a mother,  
    Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,  
    While you mourned the vision gone,  
Bright the morning star arising,  
    Opened Heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,  
    Rose in ecstasy sublime ;  
Thither all your hopes ascending  
    Triumphed over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,  
    Have you known such sweet relief?  
Yes, my friend ; and, by this token,  
    You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF !"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE DEATH OF  
HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.

O for a dirge ! But why complain ?  
Ask rather a triumphal strain  
    When Fermor's race is run ;  
A garland of immortal boughs  
To bind around the Christian's brows,  
    Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt ;  
No tears of passionate regret  
    Shall stain this votive lay ;  
Ill-worthy, Beaumont, were the grief  
That flings itself on wild relief  
    When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,  
For ever covetous to feel,  
    And impotent to bear !

Such once was hers—to think and think  
On severed love, and only sink  
From anguish to despair !

But nature to its inmost part  
Faith had refined ; and to her heart  
A peaceful cradle given :  
Calm as the dewdrop's, free to rest  
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever spirit that could bend  
So graciously ?—that could descend  
Another's need to suit,  
So promptly from her lofty throne ?  
In works of love, in these alone,  
How restless, how minute !

Pale was her hue ; yet mortal cheek  
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak  
When aught had suffered wrong,—  
When aught that breathes had felt a wound ;  
Such look the oppressor might confound,  
However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs  
From out the bitterness of things ;

Her quiet is secure ;  
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,  
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet ;  
As climbing jasmine, pure—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,  
Or lily heaving with the wave  
That feeds it and defends ;  
As vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
The mountain top, or breathed the mist  
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death !  
Thou strikest—absence perisheth,  
Indifference is no more :  
The future brightens on our sight ;  
For on the past hath fallen a light  
That tempts us to adore.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1824.

TO A GOOD MAN OF MOST DEAR  
MEMORY.

O GIFT divine of quiet sequestration !  
The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,  
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,  
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves  
To lifelong singleness ; but happier far  
Was to your souls, and to the thoughts of others,  
Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie  
Is broken ; yet why grieve ? For Time but holds  
His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead  
To the blest world where parting is unknown.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1835.

## SONNETS

TO THE MEMORY OF SARAH HUTCHINSON.

## I.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne  
Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did  
shroud—  
Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed ;  
But all the steps and ground about were strown  
With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone  
Ever put on ; a miserable crowd,  
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,  
“Thou art our king, O Death ! to thee we groan.”  
Those steps I clomb ; the opening vapours gave  
Smooth way ; and I beheld the face of one  
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,  
With her face up to heaven ; that seemed to have  
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone ;  
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave !



## II.

Even so for me a vision sanctified

The sway of Death ; long ere mine eyes had seen

'Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—

When thou, dear sister ! wert become Death's bride :

No trace of pain or languor could abide

That change :—age on thy brow was smoothed—  
thy cold

Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold

A loveliness to living youth denied.

Oh ! if within me hope should ere decline,

The lamp of faith, lost friend ! too faintly burn,

Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,

The bright assurance, visibly return :

And let my spirit in that power divine

Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## THE SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

INTO the Silent Land !

Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thickly on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O thither,

Into the Silent Land ?

INTO the Silent Land !

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection ! Tender morning visions

Of beauteous souls ! The Future's pledge and bond !

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
Into the land of the great departed,  
Into the Silent Land !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,  
*From the German.*

## FOR A WIDOWER.

How near me came the hand of Death,  
When at my side he struck my dear,  
And took away the precious breath  
Which quickened my beloved peer !  
How helpless am I thereby made—  
By day how grieved, by night how sad !  
And now my life's delight is gone,  
Alas ! how am I left alone !

The voice which I did more esteem  
Than music in her sweetest key,  
Those eyes which unto me did seem  
More comfortable than the day—  
Those now by me, as they have been,  
Shall never more be heard or seen ;  
But what I once enjoyed in them  
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

GEORGE WITHER.

## THE RESIGNATION.

### I.

LONG have I viewed, long have I thought,  
And held with trembling hand this bitter draught.  
'Twas now just to my lips applied,  
Nature shrank in, and all my courage dyed.  
But now resolved and firm I'll be,  
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled, and reached out by Thee.

### II.

I'll trust my great Physician's skill,  
I know what He prescribes can ne'er be ill ;  
To each disease He knows what's fit,  
I own Him wise and good, and do submit ;  
I'll now no longer grieve or pine,  
Since 'tis Thy pleasure, Lord, it shall be mine.

## III

Thy medicine puts me to great smart,  
Thou'st wounded me in my most tender part ;  
But 'tis with a design to cure,  
I must and will Thy sovereign touch endure.  
All that I prized below is gone,  
But yet I still will pray, *Thy will be done.*

## IV.

Since 'tis Thy sentence I should part  
With the most precious treasure of my heart,  
I freely that and more resign,  
My heart itself, as its delight, is Thine ;  
My little all I give to Thee—  
Thou gavest a greater gift, Thy Son, to me.

## V.

He left true bliss and joys above,  
Himself He emptied of all good but love :  
For me He freely did forsake  
More good than He from me can ever take.  
A mortal life for a divine  
He took, and did at last even that resign.

VI.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,  
But still will wish that I had still to give.

I hear Thy voice, Thou bid'st me quit  
My paradise, I bless and do submit.

I will not murmur at Thy word,  
Nor beg thy angel to sheathe up his sword.

JOHN J. NORRIS.

## ON MRS. GODOLPHIN.

“ Here, then, let us leave our Saint at rest, but ourselves at none, till by following her example wee arrive at that blessed repose whither she is gone before.”

FOR thou (deare Soule) to Heavens fledd  
Hast all the virtues with thee thither ledd,  
Wee here see thee no more.  
Thou to that bright and glorious place  
Art runn, hast won the Race :  
A Crown of Rayes,  
And never fadeing Bayes,  
Such as on Heaven's Parnassus grows,  
Deck thyne Angelick Brows :  
A Robe of Righteousness about thee cast.  
Bathed in Celestial Bliss thou there dost tast  
Pleasures at God's right hand,  
Pleasures that ever last,  
And greater than wee here can understand,  
Butt are for such as serve him best reserved in store.



How long, Lord, ah ! how long  
 Wate wee below !  
 Our soden feete stick in the Clay,  
 Wee thro' the bodye's Dungeon see no day.  
 Sorrows on sorrows throng,  
 Friendshipp (the souls of life) and frends depart  
 To other worlds, and new Relations know.  
 Ah ! Thou who art  
 The starry orbs above  
 Essentiall love,  
 Reach forth thy gracious hand,  
 And send me wings for flight,  
 Sett me upon that holy Land,  
 O bring me to the happy shoare  
 Where no dark night  
 Obscures the day, where all is light ;  
 A City there not made with hands  
 Within the blissful Region stands,  
 Where wee in every streete  
 Our dearest frends again shall meete,  
 And friendshipp more refined and sweete,  
 And never lose them more."

Amen.

JOHN EVELYN.

## EPITAPH.

IN MARGARITAM EPITAPHIUM.

HERE lyes a pearll, none such the ocean yields  
In all the treasures of his liquid fields :  
Butt such as that wise merchant wisely sought,  
Who the bright Gemm with all his substance bought.

Such to Jerusalem above translates  
Our God, t'adorn the entrance of her gates.  
The spouse with such embroidery does come  
To meete her nuptialls the Celestial Groome.

On the copper plate sothered  
on the coffinn.

JOHN EVELYN.

EPITAPH

ON MAN AND WIFE WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED  
TOGETHER.

'Tis these, whom death again did wed :  
This grave their second marriage bed.  
For though the hand of Fate could force  
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,  
It could not sunder man and wife  
    'Cause they both lived one life.  
Peace, good reader, do not weep ;  
Peace, the lovers are asleep !  
And though they lie as they were dead,  
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead,  
    (Pillow hard and sheets not warm),  
Love made the bed : they'll take no harm.  
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
Till this stormy night be gone,

And the eternal morrow dawn ;  
Then the curtains will be drawn,  
And they wake into that light  
Whose day shall never die in night.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

## FROM LYCIDAS.

WEEP no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

JOHN MILTON, 1635.

FROM THE ELEGY ON THE DEATH  
OF JOHN KEATS.

AH, woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,  
But grief returns with the revolving year ;  
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;  
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear ;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier,  
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
And build their mossy homes in field and brere,  
And the green lizard and the golden snake,  
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—  
He hath awakened from the dream of life,  
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife  
Invulnerable nothings.— *We* decay  
Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief  
Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;  
Mourn not for Adonais,—thou young Dawn,  
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee  
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;  
Ye caverns and ye forests cease to moan !  
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou air,  
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hast thrown  
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
Ev'n to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

The One remains, the many change and pass ;  
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !  
Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,  
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak  
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart ?  
Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here  
They have departed ; thou shouldest now depart !  
A light is passed from the revolving year  
And man and woman ; and what still is dear

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.

The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near :  
'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither ;  
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the universe,

That Beauty in which all things work and move,  
That Benediction which the eclipsing curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
Which through the web of being blindly wove  
By man, and beast, and earth, and air, and sea,  
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
The fire for which all thirst,—now beams on me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song

Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;  
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar ;

Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



## RESURRECTION.

**"The third day He rose again from the dead."**

*"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the Firstfruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."*—I COR. xv. 20, 21, 22.

*"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."*—REV. i. 18.

*"Thy dead men shall live, together with My dead Body shall they arise."*—ISA. xxvi. 19.

*"He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces."*—ISA. xxv. 8.

*"Thy brother shall rise again."*—S. JOHN xi. 23.

## LIGHT'S GLITTERING MORN.

LIGHT's glittering morn bedecks the sky :  
Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry ;  
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,  
And groaning hell makes wild reply ;

While He, the King, the mighty King,  
Despoiling death of all its sting,  
And trampling down the powers of night,  
Brings forth His ransomed souls to light.

His tomb of late the threefold guard  
Of watch and seal and stone had barred ;  
But now, in pomp and triumph high,  
He comes from death to victory.

The pains of hell are loosed at last ;  
The days of mourning now are past ;  
An angel robed in light hath said,  
"The Lord is risen from the dead !"

Jesu, the King of Gentleness,  
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess ;  
That we may give Thee, all our days,  
The tribute of our grateful praise.

O Lord of all, with us abide  
In this our joyful Easter-tide :  
From every weapon death can wield  
Thine Own redeemed for ever shield.

JOHN MASON NEALE,  
*From the Latin (Ambrosica).*

## CHRISTUS IST ERSTANDEN.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again ;  
Christ hath broken every chain ;  
Hark ! angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,

Alleluia !

He, Who gave for us His Life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;  
We too sing for joy, and say,

Alleluia !

He Who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the Cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us, and hears our cry ;

Alleluia !

He Who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save ;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings,  
Alleluia !

Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter Heaven ;  
Alleluia !

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed :  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing by night and day  
Alleluia !

CATHERINE WINKWORTH,  
*From an old Bohemian Hymn.*

**SLEEP.**

No longer must the mourners weep  
Nor call departed Christians dead ;  
For Death is hallowed into sleep,  
And every grave becomes a bed.  
Now once more  
Eden's door  
Opened stands to mortal eyes ;  
For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise.  
Now at last,  
Old things past,  
Hope and joy and peace begin :  
For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high :  
It is not sadness, peace from strife :  
To fall asleep is not to die :  
To dwell with Christ is better life.

Where our banner leads us,  
We may safely go :  
Where our Chief precedes us,  
We may face the foe :  
His right arm is o'er us,  
He will guide us through ;  
Christ hath gone before us,  
Christians follow you.

JOHN MASON NEALE.



## CHRIST THE RESURRECTION.

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"  
Sons of men and angels say :  
Raise your songs and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done :  
Fought the fight, the battle won.  
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er :  
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids Him rise ;  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King :  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?  
Once He died, our souls to save :  
Where thy victory, O Grave ?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise :  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail ! the Lord of earth and heaven :  
Praise to Thee by both be given,  
Thee we greet triumphant now :  
Hail ! the Resurrection, Thou !

CHARLES WESLEY.

## SONNET ON THE RESURRECTION.

HE conquered Death by dying. He, our King,  
From highest Heaven to this low earth came down :  
Yea, lower depths than earth to Him were known ;  
He to the grave descended, wide to fling  
The gates of Hell—from Death to Life to bring  
All captive there—to roll away the stone,  
And show the faithful sleeping not alone,  
But sheltered by their Guardian Angel's wing :  
Their souls, the while, kept safe in Paradise  
To be attuned by the Father's Hand,  
Till strings once jarred make music true and sweet ;  
Till they have learnt the manner of that Land  
To which both soul and body shall arise,  
In God's pure Will made perfect and complete.

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN.

THE MORNING OF THE  
RESURRECTION.

BUT now the second morning from her bower  
Began to glisten in her beams, and now  
The roses of the day began to flower  
In the eastern garden ; for heaven's smiling brow  
Half insolent for joy began to show ;  
The early sun came lively dancing out,  
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,  
That heaven and earth might seem in triumph both  
to shout.

The engladdened spring, forgetful now to weep,  
Began to emblazon from her leafy bed ;  
The waking swallow broke her half-year's sleep,  
And every bush lay deeply purpurèd  
With violets, the wood's late wintry head  
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,  
And his bald trees put on their green attire,  
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

Say, earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,  
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red ?

Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,  
And some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st to wed :  
Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparellèd,

So never let the spiteful canker waste you,

So never let the heavens with lightnings blast you,  
Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste  
you ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye primroses and purple violets,  
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy beds,  
And woo men's hands to rend ye from your sets,  
As though you would somewhere he carrièd,  
With fresh perfumes and velvets garnishèd ?

But ah ! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,

Ye all would to your Saviour's triumph go ;  
There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

There should the earth herself, with garlands new  
And lovely flowers embellishèd, adore :

Such roses never in her garland grew,  
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,  
Like beauty never yet did shine before :

There should the sun another Sun behold,  
From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,  
That kindle heaven and earth with beauties manifold.

\* \* \* \* \*

GILES FLETCHER.

VERSES FOUND IN SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH'S BIBLE.

EVEN such is Time, that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with Earth and Dust ;  
Who in the dark and silent Grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days :  
But from this Earth, this Grave, this Dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

## THE DAWNING.

AWAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns ;

Take up thine eyes which feed on earth ;

Unfold thy forehead, gathered into frowns ;

The Saviour comes, and with Him mirth ;

Awake ! Awake !

And with a thankful heart His comforts take.

But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,

And feel His Death but not His Victory.

Arise, sad heart ! if thou dost not withstand,

Christ's resurrection thine may be :

Do not by hanging down break from the Hand

Which as it riseth raiseth thee.

Arise ! Arise !

And with His burial linen dry thine eyes.

Christ left His graveclothes that we might, when  
grief

Draws tears of blood, not want a handkerchief.

GEORGE HERBERT.



**IMMORTALITY.**

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die :  
Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,  
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;  
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,  
Resplendent in glory to live and to save.  
Loud was the chorus of Angels on high,  
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die."

Glory to God in full anthems of joy :  
The being He gave us death cannot destroy ;  
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,  
If tears were our birthright and death were our end ;  
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,  
And bade us, immortal, to Heaven ascend.  
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.

HENRY WARE.

## NEW LIFE.

JESUS ! Who by Thine own love slain,  
By Thine own Power tookst life again,  
And from the grave didst rise ;  
O may Thy death our spirits revive,  
And at our death a new life give,  
A life that never dies.

Jesus ! Who to Thy Heaven again  
Returnest in Triumph, there to reign,  
Of men and Angels King !  
O may our parting souls take flight,  
Up to that land of joy and light,  
And there for ever sing.

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668.

## AN EASTER CAROL.

ALLELUIA !

From the height of the highest Heavens

To the confines of hell beneath

A shout of great triumph ariseth—

“Christ Jesus hath conquered Death !”

In chains, lo ! the Tyrant is lying,

For his power it is over and done ;

He is strong, but there cometh a stronger,

The God-Man hath the victory won !

Alleluia !

The dead from their graves are arising

In the bodies which clothed them of yore ;

The stone from the tomb has been rollèd,

And the grave is a prison no more.

The soldiers are fleeing affrighted ;

To the faithful an Angel has said—

“The Lord Whom ye seek has arisen !

The Living dwells not with the dead !”

Alleluia !

“Touch Me not!”—at His precious appearing  
These words of sweet caution are given,—  
“Go, haste to My brethren, and tell them  
I ascend to our Father in Heaven!”  
And, lo ! as the eventide falleth  
His Lips speak the tidings of “Peace !”  
Of Peace to each sinner repentant,  
Forgiveness which never shall cease.

Alleluia !

Alleluia ! we carol unwearied :  
We worship, we praise and adore  
The Lord, Who is mighty in battle,  
Who was dead but can die nevermore.  
“All hail !” is Thy Easter-tide greeting :  
“All hail !” we, adoring, reply :  
With “All hail, Blessed Lord, deign to meet us  
When Thou shalt in glory draw nigh !”

Alleluia !

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN.

“MARY SEETH TWO ANGELS  
SITTING.”

ANGELS twain were sitting  
In the vacant tomb ;  
Lights of day were flitting  
Through its silent gloom ;  
Angels brightly shining,  
Lights of common day,  
Mingling and entwining  
Where the Saviour lay.

Often in our sorrow  
Angels may be seen,  
When we look to-morrow  
Where our griefs had been ;  
And the angels holy  
Whisper us, and say,  
“Lo, the Meek and Lowly  
Plucked the sting away !”

Sweet is all the bitter,  
Blessed is the night  
When the angels glitter  
In the morning light,  
To the common duty  
Bidding us away—  
For Jesus in His Beauty  
Will meet us by the way.

WALTER C. SMITH.

## THE BRIGHTEST OF ALL MEETINGS.

ON the Resurrection morning  
Soul and body meet again,  
No more sorrow, no more weeping,  
No more pain !

Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
Wrapt in sleep.

For awhile the tired body  
Lies with feet towards the morn ;  
Till the last and brightest Easter  
Day be born.

But the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong,  
Bursting at the Resurrection  
Into song.

Soul and body, reunited,  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,  
Waking up in Christ's Own Likeness  
Satisfied.

O the beauty ! O the gladness  
Of that Resurrection Day,  
Which shall not through endless ages  
Pass away !

On that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore ;  
Father, sister, child, and mother,  
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings  
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last ;  
By Thy Cross, through death and judgment,  
Holding fast !

SABINE BARING-GOULD.



## SONNET TO HIS WIFE.

FOR EASTER MORNING.

Most glorious Lord of lyfe ! that, on this day,  
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin ;  
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away  
Captivity thence captive, us to win :  
This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin ;  
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy,  
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,  
May live for ever in felicity !  
And that thy love we weighing worthily,  
May likewise love thee for the same againe ;  
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,  
With love may one another entertayne.

So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought :  
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught,

EDMUND SPENSER.

M

## EASTER-DAY.

THOU whose sad heart and weeping head lyes low,  
Whose cloudy brest cold damps invade,  
Who never feel'st the sun nor smooth'st thy brow,  
But sitt'st oppressèd in the shade,

Awake ! awake !

And in His resurrection partake,  
Who on this day, that thou might'st rise as He,  
Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake ! awake ! and, like the sun, disperse  
All mists that would usurp this day.  
Where are thy palms, thy branches, and thy verse ?  
Hosanna ! heart ! why dost thou stay ?

Arise ! arise !

And with His healing bloud anoint thine eyes,  
Thy inward eyes ; His bloud will cure thy mind,  
Whose spittle only could restore the blind.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## AUFERSTEHN.

AUFERSTEHN, ja auferstehn wirst du,  
Mein Staub, nach kurzer Ruh' !  
Unsterblich Leben,  
Wird Der dich schuf, dir geben,  
Halleluja, Halleluja !  
Wieder aufzublühn wird ich gesät.  
Der Herr der Ernte geht  
Und sammelt Garben  
Uns ein, die wir hier starben.  
Gelobt sei er !  
Tag des Danks, der Freudenthränen Tag !  
Du, meines Gottes Tag !  
Wann ich in Grab genug geschlummert hab  
Erweckst du mich :  
Wie den Traumenden wird's dann uns sein,  
Mit Jesu gehn wir ein  
Zu seinen Freuden,

Der müden Pilger leiden  
Sinn dann nicht mehr,  
Ach, ins Allerheiligste führt mich mein Mittler.  
Dann leb ich im Heiligthume,  
Zu seines Namens Ruhme  
In Ewigkeit.

FR. GOTT. KLOPSTOCK.

## JESUS LEBT.

JESUS lebt, so leb ich auch,  
Denn sein Leben ist mein Leben ;  
Er hat mir den ersten Hauch  
Hier zu leben selbst gegeben ;  
Nimmt er den nun wieder hin,  
Ei ! so leb' ich doch durch Ihn.

Jesus lebt ! ich bin sein Glied  
Schon in meiner Taufe worden ;  
Weil sein Wesen in mir blüht,  
Schreib ich mich zum Christen orden ;  
Ich bin göttlicher Natur,  
Lebe doch in Jesu nur.

Jesus lebt ! mein Glaube spricht's,  
Der mich fest mit ihm verbindet ;  
Ausser Diesem hab ich Nichts,  
Wo mein Herz das Leben findet ;  
Er ist Kraft und Saft in mir,  
Lebet in mir für und für.

Jesus lebt ; drum weg o Welt,  
Weil bei dir mehr Tod als Leben ;  
Welchem deine Lust gefällt,  
Hat des Himmels sich begeben ;  
Der lebt recht, der, wenn er stirbt,  
Jesu Leben dort erwirbt.

Jesus lebt ; nun komm, o Tod,  
Mich in Jesu Schooß zu setzen ;  
Droben wird mich keine Noth  
Wo mein Jesus lebt verletzen ;  
Jesus lebt, so fahr ich hin  
Wo ich ewig leb und bin.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLK.

## ASCENSION.

**"He ascended into Heaven."**

*"And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His Hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven."*—S. LUKE xxiv. 50, 51.

*"I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."*—S. JOHN xiv. 2, 3.

*"Our conversation [i.e. citizenship] is in Heaven."*—PHIL. iii. 20.

*"Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the Living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the Firstborn, which are written in Heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant."*—HEB. xii. 22, 23, 24.



## THE CONQUEROR.

WHO is this that comes in glory,  
With the trump of jubilee?  
Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He has gained the victory :  
He Who on the Cross did suffer,  
He Who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished death and Satan,  
He by death has spoiled His foes.

Thou hast raised our human nature  
On the clouds to God's Right Hand :  
There we sit in heavenly places,  
There with Thee in glory stand.  
Jesus reigns adored by angels,  
Man with God is on the Throne.  
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension  
We by faith behold our own !

BISHOP CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

## HOME OF THE BLESSED.

So Him they led into the Courts of Day,  
Where never war nor wounds abide Him more ;  
But in that home eternal peace doth play,  
Acquiating the souls that, new before,  
Their way to heaven through their own blood did  
score,

But now estrangèd from all misery,  
As far as heaven and earth discoasted lie,  
Swelter in quiet waves of Immortality.

Here may the band that now in triumph shines,  
And that (before they were invested thus)  
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,  
Pitch round about, in order glorious,  
Their sunny tents and houses luminous ;  
All their eternal day in songs employing,  
Joying their end, without end of their joying,  
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume ;  
A light unseen yet shines in every place ;  
A sound no time can steal ; a sweet perfume  
No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace  
That no satiety can e'er unlace ;  
Ingraced into so high a favour, there  
The saints with their beaupeers whole worlds outwear,  
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do  
hear.

Ye blessèd souls, grown richer by your spoil,  
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains,  
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,  
Spending your endless evening that remains  
Among those white flocks and celestial trains  
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes and frame ;  
There heavenly music of so wondrous fame,  
Psalming aloud the holy honours of His Name.

GILES FLETCHER.

## OUR ADVOCATE.

OPUS PEREGISTI TUUM.

ANOINTED One ! Thy work is done,  
The slayer Death is slain ;  
And Thee, Thine everlasting realm  
Of glory claims again.  
Borne on a bright, clear cloud of light,  
Thou dost the earth survey ;  
While, freed from thrall, behind Thee throng  
The fathers' glad array.

The angelic host, in wonder lost,  
The eternal gates fling wide ;  
And Thee, triumphant, God and man,  
Throne at the Father's side.  
There dost Thou wait, our Advocate,  
Our Priest, the Prince of Peace ;  
Thy once shed Blood presenting still  
With prayers that never cease.

Where Thou, the Head, O Christ, has sped,  
Do Thou the body call,  
And o'er the path Thy footsteps trod  
Thy members one and all.  
Jesus, to Thee all glory be,  
Who dost to Heaven ascend ;  
With Father and with Spirit blest  
Through ages without end.

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW.

*From the Latin of Charles Coffin.*

## THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

THOU, Who didst stoop below  
To drain the cup of woe  
And wear the form of frail mortality,  
Thy blessed labours done,  
Thy crown of victory won,  
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high !

It was no path of flowers  
Through this dark world of ours,  
Belovèd of Thy Father, Thou didst tread !  
And shall we in dismay  
Shrink from the narrow way  
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O Thou Who art our life  
Be with us through the strife !  
Thy own meek Head by rudest storms was bowed :  
Raise Thou our eyes above  
To see a Father's love  
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud !

E'en through the awful gloom  
Which hovers o'er the tomb,  
That light of love our guiding star shall be :  
Our spirits shall not dread  
The shadowy way to tread,  
Friend, Guardian, Saviour ! which doth lead to Thee.

SIBELLA ELIZABETH MILES.

## WORSHIPPING WITH THE BLESSED.

BLESSED Spirits, you and we  
Make one celestial family ;  
One Father we revere,  
To one Fraternal Love adhere.  
You are in happy state,  
Our bliss is only inchoate :  
O may we, strangers here, this world repel,  
And with our heavenly brethren chiefly dwell.

Of all the places here,  
None pictures the celestial sphere  
More than God's house of prayer,  
When faithful souls sing praises there ;  
When heaven and earth conspire  
In one harmonious hymning choir :



O may we, free from wilful, sensual taints,  
Live in communion with supernal Saints.

When souls to you take wing,  
You in an hymn their welcome sing ;  
And we, in humble lays,  
Congratulate your heavenly rays,  
One sacred hymn, like you,  
We here incessantly renew,  
And all our powers to utmost vigour strain,  
To sing the Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

Should heaven its doors unfold,  
I then, like John, might bliss behold  
Where Saints on thrones sit down,  
In Christ-like robe and radiant crown,  
High favours, never known  
To Angels, but to Saints alone ;  
E'en Angels on throned, robed, crowned Saints attend,  
And ne'er to joys, which Jesus bought, ascend.

O would some happy friend  
An harp celestial to me lend ;  
To the harmonious string,  
Like you, blest Saints, I'd strive to sing.

But, as I must despair  
To reach on earth your heavenly air,  
O, I shall languish till with you above,  
I at your height shall harp, sing, joy, and love !

BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1637-1711.

## JERUSALEM ABOVE.

O ONE, O onely mansion,  
O Paradise of joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles know no alloy.

I know not, O I know not  
What social joys are there ;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare.

The Cross is all thy splendour,  
The Crucified thy praise ;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !

The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene,  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of those that feast.

And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

*From the Latin.*

THE COMFORTER.

COME, Thou, O come,  
Sweetest and kindest,  
Giver of tranquil rest  
Unto the weary soul ;  
In all anxiety  
With power from Heaven on high  
Console.

Come, Thou, O come,  
Help in the hour of need,  
Strength of the broken reed,  
Guide of each lonely one ;  
Orphans and widows' stay,  
Who tread in life's hard way  
Alone.

Come, Thou, O come,  
Glorious and shadow-free,  
Star of the stormy sea,

Light of the tempest-tost ;  
Harbour our souls to save  
When hope upon the wave  
Is lost.

Come, Thou, O come,  
Joy in life's narrow path,  
Hope in the hour of death,  
Come, blessèd Spirit, come ;  
Lead Thou us tenderly,  
Till we shall find with Thee  
Our home.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

## THE PEACEFUL SHORE.

O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,  
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white,  
Safe landed on that peaceful shore  
Where pilgrims meet to part no more !

Released from sin and toil and grief,  
Death was their gate to endless life ;  
An opened cage to let them fly,  
And build their happy nest on high.

And now they range the heavenly plains,  
And sing their hymns in melting strains ;  
And now their souls begin to prove  
The height and depth of Jesus' love.

He cheers them with eternal smile ;  
They sing hosannas all the while ;  
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,  
Sink down adoring at His feet.

Ah, Lord, with tardy steps I creep,  
And sometimes sing and sometimes weep,  
Yet strip me of this house of clay,  
And I will sing as loud as they.

JOHN BERRIDGE, 1785.



## THE KING WITH MANY CROWNS.

WHAT are these that glow from afar,  
These that lean over the golden bar,  
Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,  
With open arms and hearts of love ?

These are the blessed ones gone before,  
They the blessed for evermore :  
Out of great tribulation they went  
Home to their home of Heaven content.

Light above light, and bliss above bliss,  
Whom words cannot utter, who is this ?  
As a King with many crowns He stands,  
And our names are graven upon His Hands.

As a Priest, with God-uplifted eyes  
He offers for us the sacrifice ;  
As the Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
That we too may live He lives again.

God the Father, give us grace  
To walk in the light of Jesus' face !  
God the Son, give us a part  
In the hiding-place of Jesus' Heart.

God the Spirit, so hold us up  
That we may drink of Jesus' cup !  
God Almighty, God Three in One,  
God Almighty—True God alone !

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

## THE ONE FAMILY.

COME, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise :  
Let all the saints terrestrial sing  
With those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.  
One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow ;

Part of His host hath crossed the flood,  
And part is crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die :  
His militant embodied host  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach that heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress  
We haste again to see,  
And eager long for our release  
And full felicity :  
Even now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
Like theirs with glory crowned,  
And shout to hear our Captain's sign,  
To hear His trumpet sound.

O that we now might grasp our Guide !  
O that the word were given !  
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven !

CHARLES WESLEY.

## LOVE.

PURE love is indestructible ;  
Its holy flame for ever burneth ;  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times opprest ;  
It here is tried and purified,  
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of love is there.  
Oh, when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the anxious night,  
For all her sorrows, all her tears,  
An over payment of delight ?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## PEACE.

My soul, there is a countrie  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentrie  
All skilful in the wars.  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,  
And (O my soul, awake !)  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortresse and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges ;  
For none can thee secure  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.



## COME UP HIGHER.

ONE with another, soul with soul,  
They kindle fire from fire ;  
Friends watch us who have touched the goal,  
They urge us, "Come up higher."

With them shall rest our waysore feet,  
With them is built our home,  
With Christ—they sweet, but He most sweet,  
Sweeter than honeycomb.

There no more parting, no more pain,  
The distant ones brought near ;  
The lost so long are found again,  
Long lost but longer dear.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
Nor heart conceived that rest ;  
With them our good things long deferred,  
With Jesus Christ our Best.

We weep because the night is long,  
We laugh, for day shall rise,  
We sing a low continued song,  
And knock at Paradise.

Weeping we hold Him fast Who wept  
For us, we hold Him fast  
And will not let Him go except  
He bless us first or last.

Weeping we hold Him fast to-night,  
We will not let Him go  
Till daybreak smite our weary sight,  
And summer smite our snow.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

## SECOND COMING.

**"He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.**

**"I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life Everlasting. Amen."**

*"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven."*—ACTS i. 11.

*"The Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."*—1 THESS. iv. 16, 17.

*"He shall come to be glorified in His saints."*—2 THESS. i. 10.

*"Death and hell were cast into the lake of fire."*—REV. xx. 14.

*"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I heard a great voice out of Heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."*—REV. xxi. 1, 3, 4.

*"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."*—REV. xxii. 20.

## THE ARMY OF HEAVEN.

Lo, 'tis the heavenly army,  
The Lord of Hosts attending ;  
'Tis He, the Lamb, the great I AM,  
With all His saints descending !  
Joy to His faithful people,  
Your bonds He comes to sever,  
The work is done, the Lord has won,  
And ye are free for ever.

Joy to the Church triumphant,  
The Saviour's throne surrounding ;  
They see His Face, adore His grace,  
More than their sin abounding.  
Beneath His love reposing,  
The whole redeemed creation  
Shall be at rest, for ever blest,  
And sing His great salvation.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

## THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,  
Of everlasting halls,  
Thrice blessèd are the people  
Thou storest in thy walls !

Thou art the golden mansion  
Where Saints for ever sing,  
The seat of God's own chosen,  
The palace of the King.

There God for ever sitteth,  
Himself of all the Crown,  
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,  
And never goeth down.

Nought to that City cometh  
Their sweet peace to molest :  
They sing their God for ever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.

Calm hope from thence is leaning,  
To her our longings tend ;  
No short-lived toil shall daunt us,  
For joys that cannot end.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

*From the Latin.*

## THE MEETING-PLACE.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,  
Freshen nevermore to fade ;  
Where the shadowed sky shall brighten,  
Brighten nevermore to shade :  
Where the sun-blaze never scorches,  
Where the star-beams cease to chill ;  
Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
Of the wood, or wave, or hill :  
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
And the noon shall joy prolong ;  
Where the daylight dies in fragrance  
'Mid the burst of holy song :  
Brother, we shall meet, and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest !

Where no shadows shall bewilder,  
Where life's vain parade is o'er,  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreams no more :



Where no bond is ever sundered ;  
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,  
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
Heavy noontide—all are done :  
Where the child has found its mother,  
Where the mother finds the child,  
Where dear families are gathered  
That were scattered on the wild :  
Brother, we shall meet, and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## NOT VERY FAR.

SURELY, yon Heaven, where angels see God's Face,  
Is not so distant as we deem,  
From this low earth? 'Tis but a little space,  
The narrow crossing of a slender stream :  
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide  
From the bright dwelling of the glorified,  
The Land of which I dream !

This life of ours, these lingering years of earth  
Are briefer, swifter than they seem ;  
A little while, and the great second birth  
Of time shall come, the prophet's ancient theme !  
Then He, the King, the Judge at length shall come,  
And for this desert where we sadly roam  
Shall give the Kingdom for our endless home,  
The Land of which I dream !

HORATIUS BONAR.

## MEETING AGAIN.

THY good gift of life is given,  
Souls to fit and train for Heaven ;  
*Here* who, valiant, conquer sin,  
*There* a crown of life shall win,  
In that Home prepared for them,  
In the New Jerusalem.

In that City's golden street,  
Loving hearts, long severed meet ;  
Soul and body glorified,  
Shall adore the Lamb Who died.  
Jesus, may Thy Kingdom come !  
Father, lead Thy children Home !

CLAUDIA FRANCES HERNAMAN.

## THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

YES, nothing dies, or only dies to live :

Star, sun, stream, flower, the dewdrop and the  
gold ;

Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,  
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mould.

The day of re-appearing ! how it speeds !

He Who is true and faithful speaks the word—  
Then shall we ever be with those we love,  
Then shall we be for ever with the Lord.

The shout is heard ; the archangel's voice goes forth ;

The trumpet sounds ; the dead awake and sing :  
The living put on glory : one glad band,  
They hasten up to meet their coming King.

Short death and darkness : endless life and life !

Short dimming ; endless shining in yon sphere,  
Where all is incorruptible and pure :

The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## THE HOPE OF EVERY NATION.

O how shall I receive Thee,  
How meet Thee on Thy way,  
Blest Hope of every nation,  
My soul's delight and stay ?  
O ye who sorrow, sinking  
Beneath your grief and pain,  
Rejoice in His appearing  
Who shall your souls sustain.

He comes, He comes with gladness ;  
How great is His good will !  
He comes, all grief and anguish  
Shall at His word be still.  
Come quickly, gracious Saviour,  
And gather us to Thee,  
That in the Light Eternal  
Our joyous Home may be.

THE GLORY OF PARADISE.

For the fount of Life Eternal  
Longs the soul with eager thirst ;  
As the imprisoned, restless spirit  
Seeks her fleshly gates to burst ;  
Struggling, yearning, for the country  
Whence she hath been banished erst.

There no waxing moon, nor waning ;  
Sun, nor stars in courses bright ;  
For the Lamb to that glad City  
Is the everlasting light :  
There the daylight shines for ever,  
And unknown are time and night.

There the Saints, in beauty vested,  
As the sun, in glory pure,  
Crowned in triumph's gratulation,  
Knit in unison secure,

Now in safety tell their battles,  
And their foes discomfiture.

Here they live in endless being ;  
    Passingness hath passed away :  
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,  
    For decayed is all decay :  
That immortal breeze's vigour  
    Endeth Death's malignant sway.

Knowing Him Who all things knoweth,  
    What is there they fail to know ?  
For into the deepest secrets  
    Of each other's souls they go ;  
One in willing, one in nilling,  
    Unity their spirits show.

Though each Saint's respective merit  
    Hath his varying palm assigned,  
Love takes all as his possession  
    Where his power has all combined ;  
So that all that each possesses  
    All partake in unconfined.



Who shall see Heaven's Monarch present,  
O how blest that happy soul !  
And, beneath His throne of glory,  
Watch the orbs of nature roll,  
Sun and moon and stars and planets  
As they course around the pole !

Christ, Thy soldiers' palm of honour,  
To this City bright and free  
Lead me, when my warfare's girdle  
I shall cast away from me ;  
A partaker with Thy blest ones  
In Thy Donative to be ;

Grant me vigour while I labour  
In the ceaseless battle pressed,  
That Thou mayst, the conflict over,  
Give me everlasting rest ;  
And that I at length inherit  
Thee, my portion ever blest !

F. D. WACKERBARTH, *altered by J. M. NEALE,*  
*From Latin of St. Peter Damiani.*

## RELEASE FROM THE FLESH.

THY prison burst, O happy soul and free,  
Bright Heaven is for thee.  
Beholding now thy Saviour face to Face,  
No saddening trace  
Of death upon thy brow—thy endless joy  
Is pure without alloy ;  
Safe on the Shore, where ages calmly flow,  
No fear has thou, nor foe.

What bursts of song, what hymns of praise and prayer  
Melodious fill the air,  
Chanting the glories of the great Triune  
In ceaseless perfect tune !  
“ Now is Salvation and the Kingdom come,”  
The Ransom and the Home !

When Angels sing Hosanna, Lord, to Thee,  
What skill can greater be ?

In that blest Land no bitterness prevails;  
Love rules and never fails;  
There is no Evil One, no malice sown,  
No malice therefore known ;  
No enemy to raise the war within,  
Or tempt to any sin ;  
No stress of want, no tarnish of disgrace,  
To mar that perfect Place.

There is no quarrel there, or bitter suit  
To follow as the fruit ;  
No anxious fears the quiet souls infest,  
No harassing unrest ;  
No punishment is there, no doubts perplex,  
No storms of discord vex.  
In perfect rest and peace, joy, love, and praise  
Speed on the endless days.

O happy shall I be if, ever near  
Those tuneful strains, I hear  
Thy blessèd sons exultant praising Thee,  
Thrice Holy Trinity !

But happier far if I shall bear my part  
With swelling voice and heart,  
While Jesu's praise the ransomed hosts prolong  
In Sion's sweetest song.

JAMES SKINNER,  
*From his "Cœlestia."*

## ANTICIPATION OF JOY.

O HEART of man in sore distress,  
When cares and pains and griefs oppress,  
Familiar as thy daily bread,  
In torrents breaking on thy head,  
Think with what joy thou shalt be crowned,  
Though now these sorrows may abound.

Ask of thy purest sense within—  
If it can reach so high—to win  
For thee some grasp, or distant guess,  
Of so great future happiness.  
The joy thou hast for self will tell  
The joy for others loved as well ;

If, loving as thyself one dear,  
Thine eye should see him ever near  
Sharing thy bliss, thy joy would grow,  
And no less praise for him would owe

Than for thyself ; or three, or two—  
Thy joy in each would be as true :

But in God's Presence what if there  
Ten millions should thy glory share—  
A countless host, of whom not one  
Loves others less than self alone,  
But feels their joy to be his own,  
Where jealousy is all unknown ?

O heart of man, if thou must fail  
To grasp the joy that shall prevail  
Within thyself, for what is thine  
Of so great bliss—how to define  
The myriad joys, of myriads near  
To thee, will far surpass thy sphere.

Unselfish love will be thy sign  
Of joy in others' bliss Divine ;  
But, as of other loves thy share  
Will not with Love of God compare,  
So joys of God, beyond all tale,  
Will over other joys prevail.

And yet, if all thy heart, and mind,  
And strength, and soul were free to bind  
Thee to thy God in love, still all  
Thy powers combined were far too small  
An offering meet for Him to prove,  
Or worthy of His boundless Love.

Or if, again, thy heart and mind  
And strength and soul should, loving, find  
On God expended all their joy,  
Not all the powers thou couldst employ  
Would e'er suffice to fill His seat  
With joy in fulness—joy complete.

JAMES SKINNER,  
*From his "Cœlestia."*

## THE FUTURE GLORY.

EYE hath never seen the glory,  
Ear hath never heard the song,  
Heart of man can never image  
What good things to them belong,  
Who have loved the Lord of beauty  
While they dwelt in this world's throng.

If the body, once made glorious,  
Such high gifts and bright shall own,  
What the beatification  
Of the spirits round the Throne,  
Who in perfect revelation  
Shall the Bridegroom's Face be shown?

There the soul, in fullest tenour,  
Graspeth wisdom's total round ;  
There in loveliest peace and concord  
With each sister-soul is bound ;



And, for shame receiving double,  
Reigns with perfect honour crowned.

O how dear, how heaped the rapture,  
O how fully blest, the soul,—  
When on every side around her  
Torrents of such pleasure roll !  
Nothing this way, nothing that way,  
Lacking to the perfect whole.

Every sense in every fibre  
There, beholding God, shall thrill ;  
All the intellectual vigour  
Clearly comprehends Him still ;  
Whom, embracing unitively,  
Thou shalt love with perfect will.

Yield not, then, to fear or weeping,  
O thou soul of little faith !  
If it chance that divers travails  
Should assail, as Scripture saith ;  
Or if manifold temptations  
Of the fiend should work thee scathe.

Lo ! thou hearest that the sufferings  
Of the present world are not  
Worth compare the weight of glory  
That shall be thy future lot,  
Weight eternal, weight exceeding ;  
Endless joy, and pain forgot.

J. M. NEALE,  
*From the Latin.*

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN  
THOUSAND.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed Saints  
Throng up the steep of light :  
'Tis finished ! all is finished !  
Their fight with death and sin ;  
Fling open wide the golden gates  
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias  
Fills all the earth and sky !  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made !  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid !

Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore !  
What knitting severed friendship up,  
Where partings are no more !  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late ;  
Orphans no longer fatherless.  
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power and reign.  
Appear, Desire of nations,  
Thine exiles long for home ;  
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign ;  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

HENRY ALFORD.

THE HOME OF REST.

Who the multitudes can number  
In the mansions of the blest,  
He can weigh the joys eternal  
By those ransomed ones possessed ;  
Exiled now on earth no longer,  
They have gained the Home of Rest.

Happily at last delivered  
From the mournful vale of tears,  
Sweet is now their recollection  
Of the sad and troubled years ;  
While fulfilled in all perfection  
God's Eternal plan appears.

They behold their Tempter fallen,  
Bound in everlasting chain ;  
Praising Christ, their gracious Saviour,  
All unite in joyful strain,  
Christ the great reward and portion  
Which adoring spirits gain.

Now in shadow and in figure,  
Mirrored in imperfect light ;  
Then, as we are known, our knowledge  
Shall be clear, unveiled, and bright ;  
For on God's unclouded glory  
We shall gaze with cleansèd sight.

Then the Trinity of Persons  
We shall face to Face behold,  
And the Unity of Substance  
Shall its mystery unfold ;  
All the wondrous Triune Godhead  
We adore in bliss untold.

Courage, man, be strong, be faithful,  
Whatsoever thy burden be,  
For unbounded are the glories  
Which thy sorrows work for Thee ;  
Soon the Light of light for ever  
Shall thine eyes with rapture see.

God the Father, Fount of being,  
Thee Most Highest we adore ;

God the Son, our praise and homage  
We present Thy Throne before ;  
Glorious Paraclete, we worship  
And we bless Thee evermore !

THOMAS B. POLLOCK,  
*From the Latin.*





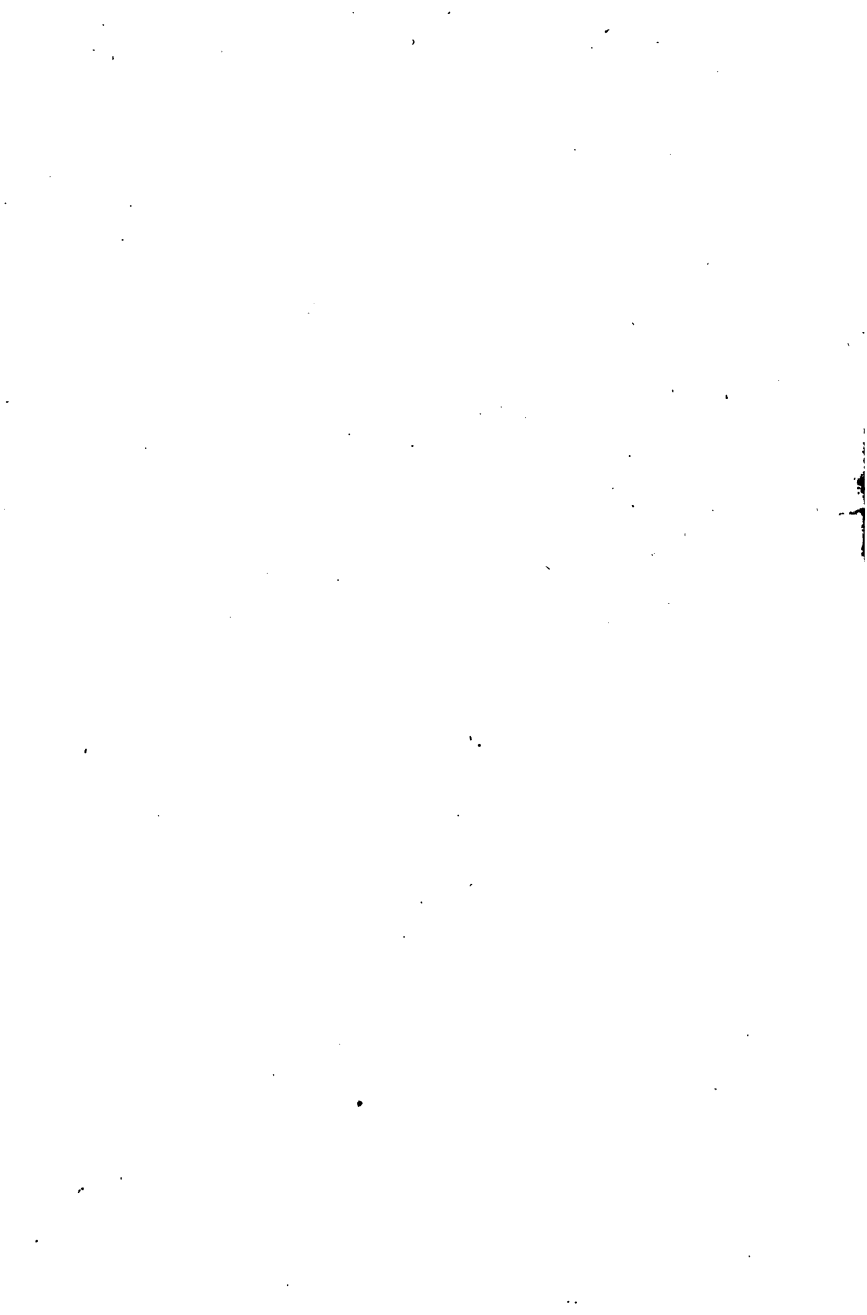
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